

Bad Monday

I see Diary;

That you are all ready for Easter. Your Kresge Chapeau surely is becoming. It takes Jeannette Miller to pick out hats for just your type.

I suppose you have heard all about the new "Kresge Chorus-ers" who work down around the hardware counter. At twenty four minutes after five every night except Saturday, Mr. Andree, the director, takes his stand in front of the chorus with baton in hand. They start practising when the first bell rings. The first note is always a long "Ah - h - h - h" -- then everyone gets ready to leave for the night. Mrs. Abeling is an exceptionally good bass, while Mrs. Harris leads the sopranos.

You have been told, no doubt, about the famous cross-county hikers. If you haven't, I will now take it upon myself to relate to you the minutiae of this exceedingly remarkable affair (another drink of water - as Mr. Graver says after such a mouthful - no wonder he is always drinking.) Well -- it seems that a group of eleven (it might have been ten or even more but it wasn't it was eleven) Kresge Girls and Men started (and how) upon a long hike last Sunday in Fritz's Rolls Royce (ahem.) When they reached Euclid Village Fritz parked his car in his hip pocket. The gang then "pushed further into the wilderness." When they had gone several miles they all sat down in the easy chairs Mr. Maas was carrying and the maid (Dorothy Rein) served light refreshments (very light). When it came to drinks -- Mr. Drum went wild because there was "Vater, vater effery-vere but not von drop to drank." Of course everyone had plenty of water in his shoes but, don't be silly who would drink out of a shoe, especially Fritz's. So-- what could they do? Finally the gallant men and drooping damsels, led by "Rally" Haslinger and "Rosie" Baron hid themselves to a nearby pig pen where they drank the cistern (and brethern) dry. Helen Geiger then suggested that they take sun baths, which they did accordingly,-- but that doesn't account for the stiff necks of which Goldie Zinn and Betty Hedges are complaining.

See you in my dreams,

Kitty

"The Krazie Krasge Kat."



From all reports of the "We R. Walkers," it seems, a good time was had by all, on our recent hike. Even the hardened hikers seemed pretty well fagged out at the end. After arriving out there, the tough luck started to happen. Rose Baron first casualty. Ask Her?? That was all till we reached the open field where we rested (?). After which we thought we'd liven things up a bit by playing football with each other. After trying to murder ourselves we cuit cause we were all out or going out. It was about here that Fritz reverted to nature and started climbing trees. In spite of losing some hide, wrenching a few arms and legs out of place, some headaches and a nose bleed we had an enjoyable time. Boy, oh, Boy, you should have seen the colors in that crowd. Enough to make the All Nations Exposition look drab against us. Everybody sure took things good natured and we are anxious to go again. Just a little description of Mr. Maas' outfit. You've all seen that brown suit he wears. Well with that he wore a green felt crusher with a bright red scarf tied around it. To match this, he wore a red and black scarf around his neck. That isn't all, you should have seen Mr. Drum's orange hat -- Whoopee !!!